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Vol. 1 OCTOBER, 1927 No. 9

CONTENTS

Frontispiece—Robert Toombs

Life of Thomas E. Watson

A Survey of the World

Some Aftermath of the Civil War

Editorial Notes

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy

Letters From the People

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ROBERT TOOMBS

"You fought for your country and won. I fought for mine and lost. Death to the Union" See "Some Aftermath of the Civil War" page 318.

LIFE OF THOS. E. WATSON

By His Grand-Daughter

GEORGIA WATSON LEE

CHAPTER IX

WATSON AS AN ADVOCATE AT THE BAR

JACK PEAVY TRIAL

In October 1882 Jack Peavy was brought to Warrenton for trial under indictment charging an attempt to murder Barnett Irvin, a young conductor of the Washington branch of the Georgia R. R. in December 1881. It seems that Irvin had evicted Jack Peavy from the train for cursing while traveling as a passenger on a ticket giving him the right to travel on that train. Peavy was drunk and boisterous and on being forcibly ejected from the train tried to shoot the conductor and was in turn shot by the conductor. Later while arresting him, Jack Peavy was shot down by a constable and posse while working in his own field and that without warning or notice. "He was thrown in a cart like a hog and driven 17 miles to jail" (T.E.W. Scrap Book Page 302).

Mr. Watson had been retained to defend Peavy.

A mistrial resulted in 1882 and in the October term 1883 an acquittal was secured.

Exact quotations from Mr. Watson's speech before the jury in this case are given below:

May it please the Court and Gentlemen of the Jury: In my practice I have had some cases in which I have felt a deeper interest than I do in this one. I have represented mothers, robbed of their off-spring, who came before the courts and pleaded that the children—hers by a title given in the awful agony of the birth hour, should be brought back to her bosom for nurture and love. Then I have had an intense sympathy that no other cases can give. But I have never been counsel for a man where I feel more deeply than I do here. Consider poor Jack Peavy! Hounded down like a beast of the field. Hounded by men ravenous for his blood. Surrounded in his own field by ruffians armed with guns, and shot down like a dog without pity or warning! That's the way he comes to court. Why, Gentlemen, the most touching way to plead his case would be as Anthony plead Caesar's—to lay his body and show his wounds.

We have all read of outlaws. Judged by this case, what is an outlaw? A being whose rights any man may invade, whose life any man may attack. A being thrown out, banished beyond the pale of human sympathy or comradeship. An Ishmael whose home is a desert, whose associates are men with armed hands that seek his blood. A being whom society will not shelter, but will ostracize; whom the law will not protect but crush, whom men will not help but kill. My God! pity thou such a one!

Here lives an illustration. Why, Gentlemen, Jack Peavy has been shot till his hide wouldn't hold shucks, if he were a cow his skin would not be worth tanning. Its a wonder to me that all the little boys who are learning to shoot don't practice on his carcass. The law certainly would not interfere. They might be punished for shooting at a pig but, judging the future from the past, they would not be hurt for shooting Jack Peavy. No! let the brave work go on; Barnett Irvin shot him and they accuse Peavy. A constable's crowd shot him without warrant or warning till the wife of his bosom might have tracked him seventeen miles by the life blood as it drained from his veins, and the law makes no complaint.

Gentlemen, let us look into this outlaw business. Let us see what it was that sent this man forth to be the target of his fellows. The further we go, the more clearly will we see one of those cruel class differences that disgrace the justice of men. Suppose General Toombs passing on the Washington train had cursed; is there a man on this jury who believes that this young conductor would have collared him and have spoken to him as he did to Peavy? Toombs, sacred by reason of his class, his cloth; powerful through the golden strength of his hundreds of thousands. Rather than have done it this young hotspur would have preferred to "beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall". But Peavy! that's another matter; slouch hat and homespun dress inspire the youth with no such awe. Hear how his conduct speaks: "I will collar him like I would a slave, speak to him as I would to a slave and he dares not resent either. I'll shoot him like a dog. Such men as he have no rights that I am bound to respect." So acted this rosebud from the flower gardens of Wilkes.

But when I speak of this difference in the position and treatment of men, Judge Reese and other lawyers tell you it is merely claptrap for the jury. The professional gambler is a prince, over his head are gilded ceilings; around the blaze of gaslight fall on marble and gold and silver; under his feet lie carpets that a king might press; "he toils not neither does he spin"; with high revelry he entices, ensnares, ruins and beggars, and the law doesn't touch him. Two or three negroes get 'straddle of a log some Sunday morning and play seven-up for a dime; the law is aroused and three months in the chaingang is the penalty; yet when you point out the injustice, lawyers cry out "CLAPTRAP."

The harlot is queen of her "hell". Silver goblets hold golden wines; music less sweet than that of the sirens allures to dangers more deadly; silks rustle as she walks and diamonds flash, as she embraces. Rolling in splendor she tempts, entangles, degrades and destroys and the law doesn't touch her. The poor outcast who shivers through the streets, and "deals in shame for a morsel of bread" falls under the stern rigor of the law and must bear her stripes as best she may. Yet when you note the cruelty of the discrimination, the lawyers cry "CLAPTRAP."

But you know there is no claptrap, you know that is is the saddest truth that God's world holds today. You know that daily Dives sits in his hall of state while Lazarus crawls at his gate, and you know that around the one are smiling friends, bending slaves, much gold, much fine linen, while the other has not the raiment to keep away the dogs that lick his sores.

At this point, Mr. Watson reviews in detail the original trouble during which the conductor shot Peavy and concludes his argument before the jury with these burning dramatic utterances:

Peavy answers the shaking of the pistol in his face by saying "You....." "you.....d....." and is shot. At last he has endured all he could and his whole nature rose up in arms. "You have collared me as if I were a cur, you have talked to me like you would a servant; you have insulted me before all these passengers—put me off the train after I had bought my ticket and now you threaten me while I am down. I'll stand no more. Your rank and your riches give you no right to wipe your feet on me. God Almighty breathed into my nostrils as well as yours. My blood came from the dust and so did yours. I throw my defiance in your teeth and meet you face to face, foot to foot.

"What tho on homely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray and all that;
Give fools their silks and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for all that."

In Mr. Watson's Scrap Book immediately following the Peavy case he gives the Williams case, which though lacking in court details is replete with the soul-stirring Watsonian expressions and shows how cosmopolitan were the sources from which he drew his illustrations. Incidentally, those who champion the cause of prohibition today can find splendid material for their arguments in the Williams case expressions as written up and presented by Mr. Watson which we give in full below:

HENRY WILLIAMS CASE

DEFENSE: Insanity produced by long continued drinking.

The act and the intent must go together to make a penal offense. From the union of these two—from the bridal bed of the act and the intent springs that foul being which the law calls crime.

It is conclusively presumed that the mind of a child is too pure a soil to nurture the rank weed of legal malice.

We punish not the deranged, no matter what the cause, whether lunacy, idiotcy, alcohol, if reason be dethroned there is no crime. The lunatic may murder, there is no halter; the idiot may burn, there is no prison. These wretched beings chained and goaded on by unclean spirits awake a yearning pity in the bosom of justice. They may have trampled on the most sacred ties; they may have violated the dearest rights of man; they may redden their hands in crucifying the innocent, the pure, but the law stands at the foot of the cross and with eyes uplifted to the source of all mercy says: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

King Alcohol! A warrior who has flashed his sword in a thousand encounters yet knows no resting—a monster who has devoured more victims than anything save death yet whose maw yearns with an eternal hunger—a reveller who drunk the life blood, the fondest hopes, the happiness and the salvation of countless myriads yet holds forth his beaker forever athirst. Yes, a hero whose trophy is the coffin, a conqueror whose wounded are borne to asylums, whose dead lie in graveyards, who overruns like the resistless Alexander.

A monarch who marshals beneath his colors the young, the old, the black, the white, the man, the woman, and marches on to realms of darkness with an army countless and boundless at whose tread the world might quake.

If ever the grave had a procurer, it is alcohol; if ever the devil had a partner it is alcohol.

Death, like the Hebrew maiden, greets the returning hero and cries aloud "war is my Saul who has slain his thousands but the wine-cup is my David who has slain tens of thousands."

Acquitted to the great indignation of Judge.....

In addition to the cases just given, Mr. Watson has left us in his Scrap Book some short excerpts from speeches made before juries that we give at this time. Some are gems of beauty as mild as the summer showers, while others are darts of sarcasm and ridicule as terrific as the flash of lightning from the storm-clouds of the tropical hurricane.

The reasonable doubt of the law in criminal cases:

If your minds are disturbed and tempest tossed, if your conviction, like the dove of the deluge can find no resting place for its weary feet—the law says acquit.

Again

Surrounded by foes and beset with snares enveloped in the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, the reasonable doubt is the angel of mercy that stands by us in the trial, is true where all others are false.

The following have quite a different tone:

I never heard the gentleman speak a good word of anybody in my life. If ever a generous thought was born in his heart it died of solitude before reaching his lips.

Again

It is a good thing the world is round. If it were flat and the gentleman was as big a man as he thinks he is, the nations of the earth would have to arouse themselves and tie him down as the Liliputians did Gulliver, for if ever he walked away from the center he would tip the other end up by his weight.

Again

The gentleman carries his stale collection of anecdotes with him wherever he goes and wears them as a jester does his bells—to be shaken at every possible opportunity.

Again

Some of his old jokes have served him faithfully for years; they never seem to go into winter quarters and he never grants them a furlough. They can be depended upon like the old Guard to enter every engagement. Tho the gallant Colonel has suffered more than one Waterloo, his faithful followers neither die nor surrender. He ought to pension them.

In writing the life of Mr. Watson, we are trying to give our readers as much of Mr. Watson as possible. His body, of the earth earthy, has returned to the dust whence it came. His life, his work, his real ego still lives and those who admired his strong devotion to ideals and loved him for his advocacy of the rights of the common people will welcome the appearance and distribution on the printed page of these speeches and sayings of Mr. Watson which had such dynamic effect on the judge, the jury and the populace. We are taking from the rich treasures of his Scrap Book many gems never before appearing in book or magazine form, thus making available for the first time these true and valuable pen portraits of the Sage of McDuffie.*

Court Room Driftwood

A great deal has been said in this case about manhood and bravery and my client has been assailed as wanting in both. About twenty years ago there was a good opportunity for the world to tell who of the South were brave and who were not; and I venture the statement here that beneath the shadow of the Stars and Bars there stepped no braver soldier than Charlie Reeves.

Again

The difficulty in stating the plaintiff's case is to find out really what he means. It has been amended by every lawyer who has charge of it. It has been patched till the original garment is lost. It is at once, a contract in writing, an implied undertaking, a public duty and a private obligation. The case has more lives than a cat—as many kinds of meat as a turtle. Not content with having all the colors of the rainbow, it assumes every change of the kaleidoscope.

I would like to state the case clearly for I think a statement would dispense with argument, but how can you depict a countenance that changes every moment? Like the historic pig, it moves about so friskily that even its owner is unable to count it. And so to take legal aim at the plaintiff's case is as difficult as the shooting of a didapper—the very moment you are ready to draw the trigger—lo! he dives and a moment after comes up serenely a few feet away.

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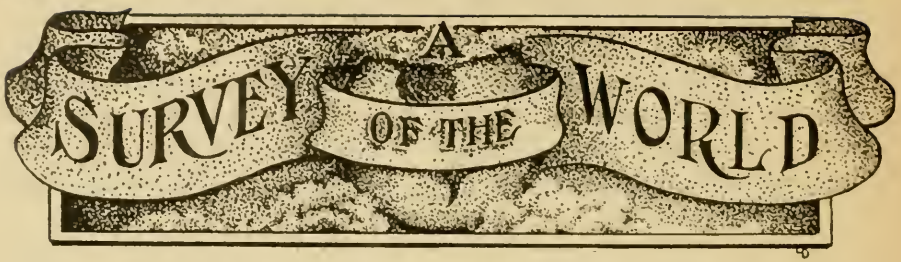
* The Watsonian readers may be assured that they are getting now, for the first time, much that Mr. Watson actually said and did. If the writer of this life of Mr. Watson can keep him and his ideals always in the fore-front, our highest ambition will be achieved.



THE NEW CONGRESS. With a cartoon showing a pack of canines howling to the music of a song styled **1928 Tax-Cut Programme** which is being played on a bass fiddle by the G. O. P. elephant while the democratic mule sits in an easy chair as an interested listener, the New York Times, in a recent issue introduces a discussion of "Eight Big Issues For The New Congress" and designates the howling canines with such names as **Flood Relief, Farm Relief, Mounting Budget, and Other Expenses.**

* * *

In discussion of flood control an apparent loss of interest in this movement is noted. The enormous expense attached to the carrying out of the provisions necessary for flood control, just on the eve of a presidential election makes it a rather thorny question for the Republican party. In addition, there is the probability of a Florida flood control question being put on as a rider. By the way, we wonder when will Sec. Hoover come out with a detailed report showing how much has been spent in relief work. Telling us whence the funds came and how they were spent, giving full information as to salaries, executives, their transportation and hotel bills, the number employed and what they did and how long were they in doing it. It seems that Sec. Hoover has had large funds at his command. How was it spent? was it spent by him or others? how much, how often and when did the sufferers get theirs &c. This would be enlightening to the public. Let us know how it was done and the details of the doing.

* * *

Tax reduction is looming up with many wondering whether it will come. It appears that there is less probability of tax reduction if flood control legislation is undertaken. Well, well, anyway, direct federal taxes do not hurt us common people very much, it is the indirect tax imposed by high tariff laws that peels the hide off our backs and empties the scanty contents of our little

tobacco-sack purses. We feel it quite sensibly when we buy shoes, razors, scissors, tin-lizzies and metal for nails and handles for our coffins.

* * *

The farm relief situation comes in for consideration. Farm relief has been discussed by various and sundry writers, and like the weather question has many interested talkers but who ever does any thing about it. We know that the weather is beyond our ken, frankly, it seems to us that something can be done about the farm relief question. A close analytical study of all the proposed methods for farm relief will reveal one striking similarity in each one; namely, you will sooner or later find the proposition settling around where a Presidential bee is buzzing or where one would like to buzz. President Coolidge vetoed the McNary-Haugen Bill and later **Chose Not To Run For President.** McNary is going to be on hand with his Bill in the new Congress and we do not know what he will choose to do. Cooperative marketing is looming up big and has the support of the organized co-operatives. A system of warehouses for holding and storing surplus crops is dimly seen on the relief horizon.

As we see it, there can be no sensible or permanent relief aside from the great question of supply and demand. If we are going to maintain a high tariff all around the industrialists why not build one around the farmer and put into this wall such protection that he will get, also, a profit on the cost of production like the manufacturer. If we are now producing too much on American farms why not close entirely the gates to all foreigners who can labor for a song and let our farm population shift to the factory until the proper equilibrium is attained. Let the good farmer and the good manufacturer share alike in reasonable profits, but never secure it by any kind of communism. If the farmer is actually producing something on his forty acres, make his taxes light and shoot it to the land baron who holds his thousands of acres as an investment expecting to be benefitted by the rise in price. We believe that the American lawmaker that made it possible for the manufacturers and corporations to prosper and flourish like the green bay tree can just as truly and effectively find a way to legislate equal privileges for the industrious and worthy farmer. Let some prince of marketing tell us how to adjust supply and demand and the channels of trade from the producer to the consumer so that neither one will be asking for relief. The farmer being a quasi producer-consumer has never yet been able to or-

ganize effectively and hold the organization. He consumes many of his own products and produces all the others consume as food or raw agricultural materials. If the government will make it possible for the farmer to become a member of a permanent organization or organizations, guaranteeing to him the least possible expense in marketing his products and then in complying with the law of supply and demand see that an equilibrium is maintained even to the curtailment of production, if necessary, the farm problem will be solved. Then a day's labor on the farm will be worth as much to the laborer as a similar day of labor on any other kind of work in which no more hazards are risked. Why does not the government discriminate in this instance and give the farmer cheap money on good collateral or security? Money at 8% compounding each year is a mighty poor way of bringing relief to the farmer.

* * *

Investigation of the power trusts comes in for notice and the Times says it is, perhaps, the cause of some night-mares. We do not know about that but we do know that natural power undeveloped is useless and, developed, is serviceable. We believe that the developers of such service, whether it be of water or of materials from the bowels of mother earth, should be rewarded. It is an enormous question and can easily go into Communism—the blighting sore so widespread in Europe which was recently aggravated by the long delayed justice in the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

The seats of Vare and Smith in the Senate present another problem that disturbs the two political parties. When Congress opens these men will present their credentials from their respective states, Pennsylvania and Illinois, then it will be up to the Senate to accept these credentials or to reject them. The old question of States Rights may bob up in this contest.

The navy question is sure to come up according to the Times. Mr. Speers the author of the Times article says in this connection that, "Here again is a proposition that promises fireworks--one that will give the preparedness advocates as well as the pacific members all the ammunition needed for thundering appeals to the country from the floor of the House and Senate."

We will fire just one little popgun shot right now and say "give us a navy second to none" with the test year (1928) of the reparations yet to come, with Reds of Russia a threatening menace to civilization, with China's 400 millions moving in turbulent interial troubles, with Mussolini demanding an army of 5 million men for Italy by 1935, it would be nation-

al suicide for us to sit supinely and let any country surpass us in preparedness. The Europeans are mighty friendly with us now so long as our tourist's money flows into their coffers; but let them begin to discuss economic questions in their legislative halls today or in their European conferences and you will hear the cry of canceling war obligations coming from every source. Unpreparedness on our part today will invite the blood thirsty nations of Europe to our shores and within a generation or two, at least, our bones will lie lifeless in the graveyard of nations.

* * *

The Colorado river project, the Times tells us, is to come up again although it is old on the calendar. It seems that the people of the States affected can not agree on the same thing and there is a difference in what one state or group of states want from what another state or another group of states want. Such conditions often precludes any legislative action. However, some proposed action on this matter in Congress might rise to political thunder in the Rockies.

* * *

Judging from the discussion of Speers, the Insull-Cunningham contempt cases will be up for consideration. Judging from our point of view, the Vare and Smith cases are almost sure to bring up the contempt cases. We quote below two paragraphs from Mr. Speers on the Insull-Cunningham cases:

> These constitute another situation with all kinds of possibilities for trouble Efforts by the Campaign Fund Investigating Committee to cite Samuel Insull, the Chicago traction magnate, and Thomas W. Cunningham, Treasurer of the Republican State Committee of Pennsylvania, for contempt in refusing to answer questions asked them by Senator Reed of Missouri and other members of the committee failed in the filibuster that tied up legislative action in the final days of the Senate of the last Congress.
>
> Mr. Insull was the principal financial backer of Mr. Smith in the Illinois primary, while Mr. Cunningham supported Mr. Vare. Both flatly refused to answer certain questions relating to their alleged activities in those campaigns. The resolution to cite them for contempt will be among the first called up when the Senate meets, and Senator Reed of Missouri has let it be known he will insist on prompt action.

Well, "we the people" will quietly look on and be thankful for what we are about to receive. However, this process of being recipients of something, may some time result in **Being Active on Account of What We Receive** and "we the people" may realize fully that our strongest weapon is the ballot box. The non-voting citizen does himself or herself, their family, and their country an injustice. The only way that we can preserve these free institutions of ours is by exercising the ballot box privilege.

THE INTERNAL CONSTITUTION OF THE STARS by Prof. Eddington is an instructive and charming book according to a review of it in the August number of the publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific. They quote some paragraphs of this book. We give one of them concerning the physics of the stars:

We can now form some picture of the inside of a star—a hurly-burly of atoms, electrons and ether-waves. Dishevelled atoms tear along at 100 miles a second, their normal array of electrons being torn from them in the scrimmage. The lost electrons are speeding 100 times faster to find a new resting place. Let us follow the progress of one of them. There is almost a collision as an electron approaches an atomic nucleus, but putting on speed it sweeps around in a sharp curve. Sometimes there is a side-slip at the curve, but the electron goes on with increased or reduced energy. After a thousand narrow shaves, all happening within a thousand millionth of a second, the hectic career is ended by a worse side-slip than usual. The electron is fairly caught and attached to an atom. But scarcely has it taken up its place when an X-ray bursts into the atom. Sucking up the energy of the ray the electron darts off again in its next adventure.

I am afraid the knockabout comedy of modern atomic physics is not very tender towards our aesthetic ideals. The stately drama of stellar evolution turns out to be more like the hair-breadth escapades on the films. The music of the spheres has almost a suggestion of — jazz.

And what is the result of all this bustle? Very little. The atoms and the electrons for all their hurry never get anywhere; they roughly change places. The ether-waves are the only part of the population which accomplish anything permanent. Although apparently darting in all directions indiscriminately, they do on the average make a slow progress outwards. There is no outward progress of the atoms and electrons; gravitation sees to that, but slowly the encaged ether-waves leak outwards as through a seive. An ether-wave hurries from one atom to another, forwards, backwards, now absorbed, now flung out again in a new direction, losing its identity, but living again in its successor. With any luck it will in no unduly long time (ten thousand to ten million years according to the mass of the star) find itself near the boundary. It ranges at the lower temperature from X-rays to light-rays, being altered a little at each re-birth. At last it is so near the boundary that it can dart outside and travel forward in peace for a few hundred years. Perhaps it may in the end reach some distant world where an astronomer lies in wait to trap it in his telescope and extort from it the secrets of its birth-place.

Well we do agree with them that this does make right pretty reading and gives our imagination an opportunity to do some gymnastic stunts.

SOME AFTERMATH OF THE CIVIL WAR

by

THOMAS E. WATSON

ED. NOTE:—The following which gives some account of the conditions following the civil war was written to form the conclusion of Mr. Watson's book "Bethany". For reasons not worth mentioning, it was omitted. The first installment was carried in "The Watsonian" for March, the second in the Sept. issue, the third and concluding installment now follows. Please note that the narrative is written in first person, this person being a Mr. Horton. This having been the name assumed by Mr. Watson in "Bethany" and continues here.

The *General was a privileged character in these days, and could say things which no other man could have uttered. It was a constant thing for him to denounce the Democratic politicians who were controlling the South. He ridiclued their management and despised their cowardice. They had gone to Louisville, Kentucky, and adopted a national platform in which they declared that the Democrats of the South adored the 14th and 15th Amendments in common with the other portions of the Constiution.

For this astounding mendacity, Toombs had no language to fully express his indignation and contempt.

"The d—d fools! Do they expect to deceive the North by any such lies as that? Do they expect to win respect either at home or abroad by base truckling and shameless falsehood? What right have the Democratic bosses to humiliate the Southern people by wallowing in the mud like that?"

He likewise denounced the Democratic Party for supporting Horace Greeley for the Presidency. He regarded this as a pusillanimous surrender of principle. Greeley at the secession of the Southern States had first said, as General Winfield Scott had done, "Let the erring sisters depart in Peace;" but when the wind set the other way Greeley had shifted his sails and become vindictively antagonistic to the South.

True, he had signed Jeff Davis' bond, but that act alone could not reverse the record of his whole career.

To goad him on, one of the young men said to Toombs:

"General, I believe you hate the North as much as ever."

"Hate it? Of course I hate it. Why shouldn't I? Am I more or less than human? Haven't they given me cause enough? Didn't they drench my country with blood and sweep it with fire? Haven't they deprived me of the rights of a free man? Haven't they injected millions of black savages into the body politic for the sole purpose of blotting out our civilization? Did any other white people, since God made the world, ever try to set the black race over the white? Haven't they so organized a hell in the South that no white woman

* The General referred to here is Robert Toombs, the "Lion of Wilkes."

dares to venture beyond white protection, from fear some lustful brute will make her his prey? Hate the North? Yes, by God! I do hate it—not the good men and the true who can be found there, as elsewhere, but the dominant party which makes cruelty to the South part of their political capital—men who in the fanaticism of love for the nigger and hatred for us would mongrelize our race and pollute our civilization."

A mild-looking traveller, evidently a Northern man, attracted by the loud talking and the excited group, drew near and listened.

As Toombs paused to take another drink, this Northern gentleman said:

"General Toombs, I was one of those who heard your lecture on slavery in Tremont Temple in 1854. Let me ask you if you do not believe that education will remove all trouble between the whites and blacks in the South?"

Toombs glared at his questioner a moment, as though half inclined to cut him short with some insulting thrust, but the man's attitude and expression was so respectful and earnest, that Toombs' better nature prevailed, and his reply was:

"No, sir, I do not. Education never changes character. Nations and individuals have certain characteristics which are inborn, ineradicable. Education cannot reach and alter these. It cannot take away traits of character from nations or individuals, nor can it give them. God makes character,—school-teachers can only train what is already there."

"But," persisted the Northern man, "the Frenchman, the German, the Anglo-Saxon, the Celt are not longer the savages they used to be. Education has civilized them."

"In part, yes," answered Toombs. "But in character the Frenchman is today what he was when a savage,—lustful, brave, fickle, enthusiastic, emotional. Among the German tribes women always held a high, sacred place; and a sense of individual freedom and independence was predominant. Those characteristics of the savage state are their characteristics today. Education has refined them, but has not changed them. So the Celt. The Irishman and the Scotch-Highlander of today is precisely what he was in race characteristics, when he was a bare-legged savage. You can't educate the fun and the courage out of the Irishman. You can't educate the seriousness and courage out of the Highlander. Now take the negro. In his native home he had no morals. These naked savages lived promiscuously, and indulged their passions as openly as goats. They were brought over here and we put clothes on them. We compelled them to lives of outward decency. But they have no real morality." The remainder of the General's story is unprintable.

The look of mingled amazement and disgust which spread over the Northern man's face at this brutally frank statement was a sight to see. Without another word, he turned and walked off, followed by shouts of laughter from the young men who surrounded Toombs.

"General, what's going to be the end of this negro problem?" asked one of the bystanders.

Toombs was silent, reluctant to speak,—a most uncommon thing with him. At length he spoke very earnestly and impressively:

"Unless all human experience and foresight is in vain, there are only two possible solutions: either the negro must be accepted as a social and political equal, or he must be kept in subjection by some form of coercion. To give him education, and at the same time condemn him to political and social inferiority, is impossible without a fight. Let the South get ready for one of two things, negro equality, or the forcible holding down of the negro. Pitiful little politicians dickering for office, may suggest temporary expedients to allay the trouble, but to the statesman it is clear that one or the other of these two alternatives must come."

"Then you oppose the education of the negro, General?"

"Oh, I make no objection to his being taught to read and write, but as a rule when you do more for the negro you have turned loose upon society a social incendiary, agitator and revolutionist. He will never contentedly sink back to his place as a negro, but will ever afterwards crave a higher position."

"You hate the negro race, General?"

"By no means, sir," he promptly answered.

"As long as a negro keeps his place I like him well enough. There are some good negroes—loyal, honest, true to death— but they are few. As a race, they are vastly inferior to whites, and deserve pity. This pity I am willing to extend to them as long as they remain negroes, but the moment a nigger tries to be a white man, I hate him like hell."

"General, do you ever expect to take the oath of allegiance to the Government?" some one asked.

"No, by God, I will live and die an unreconstructed rebel!"

"But after all, General," asked a voice in the crowd, "was it not better that we got whipped in the war?"

"Whipped? We never got whipped. We wore ourselves out whipping them! Gentlemen, let me tell you—Bob Lee was too soft-hearted, too much of a gentleman, to be a successful soldier. Had he been as ruthless as Frederick the Great, Napoleon, or Wellington, we would have won the fight during the first two years. Think of Lee in Maryland and Pennsylvania putting the fence rails back in the fences, and forbidding his famished soldiers to forage! When did the North really begin to make headway against us? It was when she put gentlemanly, squeamish commanders aside, and selected ruthless generals like Grant and Sherman. Then we caught it!

McClellan and Burnside and Meade—they never would have conquered the South. It required such a man as Grant who didn't care a damn how many of his men got slaughtered, provided he could win; Sheridan, who got up out

of the bed and galloped to Winchester to rally his men to victory, and who left the Shenandoah Valley a smoldering blood-soaked desert; Sherman, who said 'war is hell and you can't refine it,' and who was the only general of modern times to issue orders to kill non-combatants and burn undefended cities. Lee and Stuart and Johnston and Beauregard made war like gentlemen—and got thrashed.

"Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan made war like soldiers,—and won. After all war is hell, and the squeamish man had better stay out of it."

Recurring then to the original query, Toombs continued:

"No, I am not glad Lee surrendered. We ought to have won our independence. The Southern States should form an empire of itself. So ought New England. So ought the North. So ought the West. The republic is too big. Legislation fails when applied to so wide a territory. The welfare of the four great sections is too antagonistic. Gross injustice to some one part of the country, or class of the people, is unavoidable in so huge a realm. From the foundation of the Government agriculture has been pillaged to build up manufactures. Public funds have been diverted by the billion to embellish the North. The wealthy classes really pay no Federal tax. The corporations pay none. National legislation is bought and sold. National finance is given over to the exploitation of the banking fraternity. If ever the common people of the land can be made to understand how they are robbed under the forms of legislation—if ever our financial and tariff systems are so exposed that their wickedness is clearly seen,—there will be a revolution which will shake the world.

"But I am an old man. My day is passed. The people seem to have lost heart. The South is ruled by as cowardly and venal a lot of place-hunting politicians as ever lived. Like putrid bodies in the stream, they rise as they rot. They would sell their souls for office. They lick the feet of Tammany corruptionists, and grovel in the dust before Northern money. But Southern pride and principle will one day assert themselves again. Our people will not always submit to this damnable state of affairs. The issues will be rejoined some day and the South will be better prepared.

"Unless the North lets us alone, ceases to oppose us with unjust legislation, quits this everlasting business of trying to force us to accept the nigger as an equal—fate has no day more sure to come than another colossal Civil War in which the East and North will be crushed by the South and West."

"But General," said one of the crowd, "Mr. Stephens counsels peace."

"I don't care a damn if he does!" blurted Toombs.

"Henry Grady cries peace too, and so does Jack Gordon and Ben Hill and Lushe Lamar. What do I care for the talk of politicians and opportunists? They may cry 'Peace!' till the heavens fall, but there will not be peace till good-will between sections is restored: and good will cannot be restored by

(Continued on Page 332)

The Watsonian

"Not until tyrants have found a way to kill justice and to chain the thoughts of men will they ever be able to put bad laws where they are safe for the future."—Thos. E. Watson.

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Editorial Notes

* * *

McADOO-SMITH

The announcement of William Gibbs McAdoo to the effect that he will not allow his name to be offered for the Presidential nomination of the Democratic party is a step toward a possible victory for this party. If Al Smith will retire from the race and if the party will follow the suggestion of its many leaders and return to absolutely Jeffersonian principles, the Democrats will have a splendid chance for victory.

But let the Democratic party be fully versed as to Jeffersonian principles. Let them remember that the keynote of these principles are Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Thought, Freedom of Worship, and Freedom of Press.

Let them remember further that the laws of the Catholic Church deny Liberty of Conscience, of Worship, of Speech, and of Press.

If they return to strictly Jeffersonian principles let them write a platform that is truly Jeffersonian, and not one that is written with fear that they will lose the Catholic Vote of the nation.

There was a union of Church and State in Virginia during Thomas Jefferson's early life and it was he who led the assault against this principle of the Catholic Church. It took years to finish the work, but it was finished.

The Democratic party can not serve two masters. They must come from under the domination of the Catholic church before they can truly return to Jeffersonian Principles.

There is nothing in common between the principles of Jefferson, and the principles of the Catholic Church. **ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.**

TARIFF:

The new French tariff which jumps up the rates on many of our exports is causing quite a bit of talk in regard to the subject of tariff.

One of the greatest evils of the Rebublican party is their continued stand for high tariff.

High duties on foreign goods have for their real purpose the devilish plundering of the common people **by the Trusts.**

The admitted fact that these remorseless scoundels of the trust ship their goods to foreign countries and under sell the foreigner in his own market, and yet must have protection in the American market, is the shameless confession that, in America, the Trusts are literally robbers.

This damnable system of robbery should not be tolerated.

The American Trusts are not satisfied with this protection from our Government but are setting up a howl for the United States to protest the French high tariff.

A well planned campaign by another party against the Republican party's continued stand for **HIGH TARIFF** would draw the votes of the plain people who are absolutely being bled by special privileges and protection by our Government to the Trusts of this nation.

DUTY:

Al Smith's side kick, Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York pays his respects to his boss, the Pope of Rome. We quote a few dispatches from the Vatican telling of the interview.

"WALKER VISITS THE POPE"
"TALKS TO MUSSOLINI"
"IS THRILLED BY BOTH"

WALKER says:

"The Holy Father put me at ease "at once. He trusted me as if he were "my father, indeed.

"I was struck by the Holy Father's "sincere sympathy for and profound "knowledge of New York and its "citizens..

The dispatch continues:

On arrival at the Vatican the Swiss Guard in its characteristic blue, yellow and orange striped uniform, was called out and stood stiffly with hands at salute while the heavy doors swung back and admitted the motor cars. In the Court of St. Damascus the Walker party was greeted by Monsignor Garcia Dominioni, Pontifical Master of the Chamber, and by two Knights of the Cape and Sword in gorgeous gold embroidered uniforms. After giving them time to disrobe, Monsignor Cassia Dominioni led the entire party straight up to the Pontiff's official apartment.

Mayor Greeted by the Pope

Through a long suite of majestically decorated halls, in each of which Swiss and Palatine guards on duty presented arms, the Walker party reached the Pope's private library. While the remainder waited Mayor and Mrs. Walker were ushered into the Pontiff's presence. Pius, who was dressed

completely in white, arose as they entered the room and moved across to meet them. **His visitors dropped to their knees and kissed his ring.** Then the Pontiff invited them to sit down at his work table by a window.

Pius began the conversation by expressing gratification at meeting the Mayor of New York, **"one of the largest Catholic cities in the world," and thanked Mr. Walker for coming to Rome to see him.** He continued telling of his great paternal love for all Americans and New Yorkers in particular, paying also high tribute to their generosity in all good causes. Just before the audience ended the Pontiff said that he wished to present to the Mayor and Mrs. Walker a "small token" of his feeling of "deep affection and paternal love" for New York. He gave Mr. Walker a large gold medal and Mrs. Walker a beautiful gold rosary. The rosary, he explained, was especially dear to him, as it was a present made to him shortly before his death by the Bishop of Lourdes, a close personal friend.

Some one has truthfully said that "duty was the demand of the hour". We feel that it is needless to ask what is your duty. Did duty ever call more strongly to Protestant Americans than it is calling today?

Mayor Walker said while in Italy:

So far as I am concerned and so long as I am Mayor of New York, every son of Italy is welcome to the city.

The Mayor must not be satisfied with his part in nullifying our prohibition law, but also stands ready to nullify our immigration laws.

Fine, isn't it?

Our only protection from preventing the scums of the earth being vomitted into this nation, is **our immigration laws.** Yet this son of Tammany, this son of the west side, this tool of the trusts, this subject of the Catholic Church, this friend, co-worker and brother of Al Smith in every political move and faction, says throw down the bars of immigration, let them all in.

Why does he say this?

The Pope says "New York is the greatest catholic city in the world." More immigrants, more catholics, more catholics and the Pope will say, "America, the greatest catholic nation in the world."

Wil he ever be able to say this? **We hope not! We pray not!**

What is your duty?

KEEP AMERICA PROTESTANT.

* * *

GEORGIA'S MARRIAGE LAW:

Much has been said in our press in regard to the following editorial appearing in the Baltimore Sun.

The Georgia Legislature has enacted a marriage law so extremely complicated that the State Health Department, which is to enforce it, has had to refer it to the Attorney-General for an explanation, and no attempt has yet been made to put it into effect. It provides, among other things, for the registration of every human being in the state according to pedigree.

Now this is one of the most difficult things in the world to do correctly, as is well known to anyone who has tried to establish a pedigree for a dog, or a bull or other animal. The object of the measure is to prevent intermarriage between whites and negroes, but the trouble all falls upon the whites. All a negro has to do is admit that he is a negro and he is immediately fixed up. But the white must prove that he is white, which is a complicated and vexatious business. Moreover, it may be a dangerous business, since failure to furnish correct information is made a felony. Altogether, it is one of the most savage laws relating to marriage ever enacted.

Yet, we are informed, "Such a measure is absolutely necessary in Georgia, according to its advocates, if white blood is to be kept pure."

We hear this with mild surprise. We had labored under the impression that white people in Georgia are opposed to marrying negroes. We had no idea that savage laws are required to prevent them from doing so.

Regardless of the merits or demerits of this bill in question, the spirit which prompted it was good. Georgia is proud of her Anglo-Saxon blood. We are determined to keep it pure from the African race and other inferior races. No doubt this bill will prove the entering wedge in a movement that will compel the next legislature to enact laws which will be effective and will compel every citizen of Georgia to disclose facts concerning the racial stock from which they have descended.

Be that as it may it is this reprobate with his writings in the Baltimore Sun that causes our blood to boil when we read his filthy slur upon our people.

However, we expect no favors at the hands of the Baltimore Sun. They representing a Catholic and wet State while Georgia is Protestant and dry.

But we have in Georgia as they have in Maryland, people who are uncultured, uneducated, and pitiful members of both races who have lost all sense of decency; they lend themselves and their influence to racial amalgamation.

It was the purpose of the Georgia bill to check this condition if possible. We repeat that the intent was good, whether the provisions can be carried out remains to be seen.

We feel that the good people of Maryland, regardless of our political differences, join with the good people of Georgia in resentment against this uncalled for and nasty editorial of the Baltimore Sun.

* * *

KEEP THE RUDDER TRUE:

Many of our friends who are anxious for the Watsonian's success have passed to us the familar Watson expression "Keep the Rudder True."

Below we quote the conclusion of Mr. Watson's speech at the Macon Convention just after he had been nominated for the United States Senate.

You will remember the words of the ancient Greek boatman, suddenly caught at sea in the storms. While the terrible waves were threatening to engulf him, he cried out to his God of the seas:

"Saturn! you can sink me if you will; you can save me if you will, but if you sink me or save me, **I will hold my rudder true!**"

In like spirit, I can appeal to my God of the storms of life's fearful sea, "Almighty you can sink me if you will; You can save me if it be your will, but so long as I am in the Lifeboat, I will hold my rudder true."

And we too in like spirit can say to the friends of Watsonian principles, that, whatever may be our hardships in piloting The Watsonian to port through the many storms we must encounter before realizing our cherished desire to build a living monument to Thos. E. Watson and his great principles, we will always be found fighting the battles of the plain people—yes, we will keep the rudder true.

ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

BY

THOS. E. WATSON

CHAPTER VIII.

Pagan rites the prototypes of customs practised by the Roman Catholic priesthood; The "Medicine Man;" Sun and fire worshippers; Phallic worship; The Roman religion originally simple and inexpensive; Numa inaugurates a new system; His Pope, Cardinals, Augurs and Nunnery; Roman life undergoes a complete transformation with the extension of the limits of the Empire; The dawn of luxury; Religious system modified to keep pace with the alteration in Roman life; Conditions under Emperor Marcus Aurelius; Rome on the decline; Her people become enervated; The heydey of fad and fancy; Story of Marius; How Roman emperors returning home after a victorious campaign are reminded they are mortal.

Suppose that you should make a careful, conscientious study of ancient paganism, its rites, ceremonies, and pretensions; and suppose that you should find that an accurate description of the beliefs, the customs, the vestments and the practices of paganism correspond almost exactly with those of the Roman Catholic priesthood, what would you think about it?

There is nothing new under the sun. The nursery tales that we tell our children are as old as the known records of the human race. Mother Goose enchanted the tots of Chaldea: Cinderella and her slipper are more venerable than Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The jests that circulate among the men of today, brought laughter to lips that were dust before Pericles and Aspasia loved and ruled. The futile, despairing knock at the door of the Unknown is heard as far back as literature reaches. The impenetrable mystery of the star-sown firmament arouses no baffling train of thought that was not a haunting puzzle to the shepherds of Shinar.

It rings weirdly like a wail throughout the hoary Past—this eternal cry, "Give me something to believe: I cannot know anything."

And so it came to pass that men, groping in the dark, child-like were full of fears, were tremulously timid, were terrified by every enigma. The sun's eclipse scattered armies, and ended wars. The tempest was the anger of the gods. Sickness and death were the visitations of evil spirits. To ward off misfortune, to placate invisible powers at whose mercy he lived, the poor human creature, unable to help himself was quick to believe that some one else, more highly endowed with talent or merit, could interpose in his behalf, and rescue him from damnation.

First, came the Medicine Man. He was wiser than the average tribesman: he had more common sense: he used his eyes to good purpose: he experimented with herbs, roots, leaves, bark, minerals, and the fruits that grew about him. He learned how to extract an aching tooth; how to set a broken bone; how to move a torpid liver; how to bleed and blister.

In this way, the Medicine Man created for himself a position of marked superiority in the tribe. He was revered, as one who possessed mysterious power. The ailing and suffering sought relief at his hands.

What a short step it was for the Medicine Man to pretend that he was in

touch with the Supernatural; and that he alone, could appease the wrath of the evil spirits. By the natural law of evolution, the doctor became the priest: the Medicine Man ministered to the soul, as he did to the body.

And it was literally so. Among the American Indians, at the time our ancestors peopled the New World, they found the Medicine Man in full blast—acting dually as physician and as priest.

Among the negroes of Africa, this has always been so; and it is so, today. Even in Cuba and Hayti, where, left to themselves, the blacks have reverted to type, the witch-doctor is an object of dread and of worship.

The Indian chief found it necessary to stand well with the Medicine Man: the African chief acts in concert with the Witch-doctor. Thus, in its most primitive form, do we see the temporal power uniting with the spiritual, to rule the tribe. Here we have the earliest union of Church and State.

Some worshipped the sun: others, fire; others, gods who typified the cardinal virtues. Others, still, were so profoundly reverent of the mystic phenomena of sexual reproduction, that they paid adoration to the organs of generation. This Phallic worship was at one time practically universal. There are survivals of it in the Old Testament. It is sculptured on the ruins, and in rock-tombs of the East. It is to be seen here and there in Europe, in the monolyth, and in the statues on which virgins and barren women hang garlands.

Even the Etruscan tomb yields up its long-hidden secrets; and we see the Phallic cross which links the religion of these ante-Roman people to those of the far Orient.

As mankind advanced in wealth, power and luxury, the palace and the temple increased in splendor. No habitation was too sumptuous and magnificent for the King; none too costly and ornate for the priest. And as the temporal power strove to augment the dominion of the dynasty, the spiritual arm constantly enhanced the privileges, the prerogatives and the revenues of its order.

Originally, the religion of the Romans had been simple and inexpensive. But Numa pretended to have been taken into the confidence and counsels of Divinity; and he managed to impose a system of his own upon his credulous, and perhaps indifferent, countrymen.

He instituted a priesthood which, as he intended, was most useful to the temporal power. He established a Pope, and a Sacred College of cardinals. There were lower priests, called augurs. There was a Nunnery of Vestal Virgins.

As the Empire extended its frontiers, absorbing one conquest after another, Roman life underwent a complete transformation. The stern brevity and simplicity of speech gave way to Oriental pomposity and hyperbole—the florid verbiage of courtiers and superficial thinkers. Democracy disappeared. Class distinction, sharply drawn, separated the rich from the poor. Spartan contempt

for epicurianism was displaced by an insatiable craving for enervating luxuries. The town-house, and the sea-side villa, must be dreams in stone. In the marble-paved court, fountains must plash. In the furnishings of the dwelling, regal ornamentation must be had. On the festal board, the rarest, costliest viands must be spread; and hours, each day, must be devoted to the pleasures of the table. In wearing apparel, a corresponding love of display must be manifest. And the Roman of old—who held the plow-handles, one day and the sceptre, the next—had left the stage forever. His descendant scorned every kind of manual labor, prided himself on the number, the fine appearance, and the varied accomplishments of his slaves.

Apace with the alteration in the maners, morals and ideals of the Roman people, went the modifications of the religious system. When a priest of the sun, Eliogabalus—Eastern born, Eastern reared, Eastern robed—could hold his place as Emperor of the Roman Empire, is further proof necessary to reveal the degredation of the Romans, lay and cleric?

In fact, all kinds of sects had flocked to the Imperial City. From the Euphrates came the superstitions of Babylon and Assyria: from the Nile came the deities of Egypt. Such a medley of mythology, of idolatry, of Phallic worship, of Zoroastrianism, of Numaism, of Baalism, of crass paganism, was never seen before.

Roman philosophers looked on, and smiled: Roman priests performed their genuflexions in public and, meeting each other afterwards in private, smiled. But Roman rules considered all kinds of religion useful, and used each for purposes of government.

Walter Pater, in "Marius, the Epicurean," asks the question, "Why did Christianity win its way so rapidly over Paganism?" This scholarly author demonstrates that Roman Catholicism made itself acceptable to the pagan world, by adopting the pagan usages, sentiments and superstitions.

Hard by the path, in the Italy of today, stands the little shrine, its wooden image, within; and the offering of the faithful, without: so stood the pagan image and the pagan offering in the Rome of Tibullus—more than a hundred years before Christ.

Just as the individual Catholic of the present time invokes the good offices of some favorite "Saint," so did the Roman pagans from the remotest times down to the advent of Christianity. Vatican, the lesser god who caused the babe to utter its first cry: Fabulinus, who prompted the infant's first word: Cuba, who kept him quit in his cradle; Domiduca, who watches over the traveller and sees him safely back to his home: these were of the household deities of the Romans. Besides, there were the godlets of the harvest, of the vintage, of the mariner, of the shepherd, etc., etc.—in fact, a mob of lesser divinities who had influence with the Omnipotent.

Under the Caesars, Rome was called "the most religious city in the world."

Every home, even the humblest, had a shrine, with its image, before which burned lamp or candle! There were numerous religious organizations which celebrated anniversaries, by processions through the streets, preceded by sacred banners, the parade ending with the offer of sacrifice before some famous image, to which incense had been so often burned and lamps so often lighted that the holy idol was blackened by the devotional smoke. But who could chide the Romans for holding these begrimed old idols in reverent adoration?

Had not the images testified, unmistakably, their profound interest in human affairs? Wood and stone though they were, had not Divinity made itself manifest, miraculously, through them?

All the Roman world knew that the statue of Fortuna Muliebris had spoken more than once; for the priests so declared, and they had reduced her words to writing. To doubt, were sacrilege. Had not the image of Apollo, at Comae, wept three days and nights? To be sure: the miracle was solemnly attested. Had not the images in the temple of Juno broken out into a profuse perspiration? Yea, verily. Not only that, but the idols in the sacred grove of Fortuna had sweated blood!

Is there anything in these pagan miracles that differs from those of Catholicism? Even the miraculous healing of Lourdes, and other such places, had their prototypes in Pagan Rome. Absolutely, the papal system originated nothing: after departing from the severe simplicity and inexpensiveness of the early Church, it plucked plume after plume from the gorgeously feathered paganism of the Orient; and a priest of the ancient pagan temple, if brought back to life, would find himself perfectly at home amid the ceremonial of a Catholic street-procession, anniversary celebration, or elaborate church performance.

In his "Marius," Walter Pater describes conditions, as they were under the philosophic Emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Rome was in her decline. Her frontiers had not receded, but her vigor had waned. Mercenary troops fought her battles; lewdness prevailed even in the royal households: the daughter of Augustus, and the wife of Antoninus Pius left names that will be bywords to the end of time: after awhile, the Pretorian Guards sold the Purple to the highest bidder; and Night came down on the Roman world.

The thoughts of the idle rich were subjective. Men and women discovered strange ailments in themselves. They revelled in the fact that they had "nerves." They underwent horrible tortures, in the hope of escaping pain. They pined away without visible cause; and they blossomed back into buxom strength, by reason of occult ministration. It was the heydey of the charlatan, the faith-curist, the magician, those who prey upon valetudinarians. Fads rioted: fancies spawned: freaks luxriated: men strove to be lady-like: women struggled to be manish. Flourishing like a grove of green bay-trees, were the colleges of Aesculapius. These medicine-men were likewise priests. Around the healing art, the faith-cure and religious rites were entwined. The temples

of this Grecian demigod were laden with the votive offerings of grateful worshippers whose sufferings had been relieved by the precious secrets of the college. The organization of the disciples of Aesculapius was almost identical with that of the Roman Catholic priesthood.

And just as the modern priest speaks Latin, while officiating, so the Roman priests spoke Greek. The purpose, in each case was the same, viz: to overawe the uninitiated, by using a tongue which they did not understand.

In reading of the journey of a sick Roman to a "holy" well of paganism, one is startled to realize how precisely the narrative corresponds to a Catholic pilgrimage to Lourdes.

Walter Pater describes such a journey in his Marius the Epicurian:

Marius reaches the holy well, and enters the temple which has been built about it. The walls are covered with thankful acknowledgements of those who have been cured. A lurking fragrance of incense is in the air. Ceremonial lights burn, here and there. "A singular expression of sacred order, a surprising cleanliness and simplicity" prevail. "Certain priests, men whose countenances bore a deep impression of cultivated mind, each with his little group of assistants, were gliding round silently, to perform the morning salutation to the god" (Apollo,) "raising the closed thumb and finger of the right hand with a kiss in the air, as they came and went on their sacred business bearing their frankincense and lustral water"—"holy" water.

Full of faith, the ailing pagan, Marius, speedily was made whole, and he returned home "brown with health". Selah.

The Roman emperors, returning to the Imperial City to celebrate some victorious campaign, were wont to bend their haughty heads to a couple of observances meant to teach humility. In the chariot with the Conqueror, rode a common person whose duty it was to remark, at regular intervals during the triumphal procession, "Remember that you are mortal." This caution was highly necessary, for the emperors were made gods (Saints?) after their death; and there was always the danger of their becoming gods—in their own eyes —before they departed from this vale of tears.

The other custom was, that the Emperor should get down upon his knees; and, in this painful fashion, go up a long flight of marble stairs. Even the enlightened Marcus Aurelius humored the pagan populace by observing this ancient and absurd custom: he made his way up the **viva sacra**, on his knees, after having put down the rebellion of Cassius.

If you will go to Rome, (Italy,) the guide will point out to you a flight of marble steps, called the **via sacra**; and you will see a parcel of human donkeys (male and female) making their way up these steps, on their knes.

They don't any more know that they are imitating a pagan performance, in doing this, than they know that the papal establishment is pagan, from the shaven crown, to the beads on which prayers are "told".

mere chin music and sweet air. Let them give us justice, let them quit bothering our domestic affairs, let them get over their hallucination that the nigger is a white gentleman accidentally clothed in a black skin. Then, the Union may again be one of love and patriotism. At present, it is one of force, and no brave people can long be held down by force.

"Boys excuse me—I've got to go and send a telegram to General Grant!"

In his majestic way Toombs stalked over to the desk of the telegraph operator, and penned a dispatch.

The operator looked pretty wild about the eyes as he scanned the words to figure the cost; and well he might for the telegram read:

"General U. S. Grant,

"San Francisco.

" You fought for your country and won. I fought for mine and lost. Death to the Union!

"R. Toombs"

This dispatch was handed to General Grant during the festivities which celebrated his return home from his voyage around the world. He read it, smiled and said never a word. It was the despairing cry of the baffled minority, unheeded then and now by a militant, irresistible, aggressive majority.

Being by nature a non-combatant, ready to crawl through a barbed wire fence at any time to avoid strife of any kind, I was greatly disturbed in my mind by Toombs' talk. Finding Mr. Stephens almost alone in his room, I told him what the old General had said, and asked him what he thought of it. He smiled, and pushed his roller chair back and forth as he answered: 'Oh, well, Toombs talks sometimes just to hear himself talk. He loves to create a sensation and arouse antagonism. Were there any Northern travellers down there?"

I answered that there were; and repeated what Toombs had said.

Mr. Stephens' eyes danced with merriment; he said, "Toombs is never so wild as when he knows some Northern man is listening to what he says. He delights in sticking pins in them."

"Then you don't fear another war between the sections?" I asked. "No, I do not. North and South are being knit together more inseparably every day by the imperishable bonds of self-interest. Commerce, banks, manufactures, mines, foundries, railroads—every new investment of Northern money in Southern fields is an additional rivet in the clamps which holds the two sections together. No; there will never be another secession or war between the sections!"

"But the negro?" I ventured to ask.

"It is a question which will settle itself," he answered.

"The North will grow cold after a while, and will see things as they are. They will learn to know the negro. Blacks will go North and whites will come South until the facts will be clear to all. Northern intelligence will realize that the negro is not a white man with a black skin. The Civil War

was to a great extent the result of misunderstanding. Such a calamity will not occur again. Noble men and women throughout the North will gradually waken to the truth, and the fashion of idealizing the negro will pass away."

"Then there is no reason to fear social equality?"

"None whatever. There never was such a thing as social equality, even among the whites. There will always be negroes who will prove themselves to be vastly superior to the masses of their race. Such exceptions may be treated with something of the consideration which is the due of the average white man. In like manner, there were exceptional Indians who used to be treated as social equals by the whites, but the mass of the Indian race were never admitted to anything like social equality. So as to the Chinese.

"The North understands the race prejudice against the Indians for they shared it. She understands a Californian's distate for the Chinaman. In God's own time she will understand the Southern prejudice against the negro. Then she will cease to interfere. The North has never understood the negro, nor the negro question. In the days of slavery she was deceived about conditions here, and she is being deceived now.

"But I know enough about racial history to believe that blood will always be thicker than water, and that the white men of the North can never be held to any policy whose intention is to degrade the whites in the interest of the blacks. It would be too horibly cruel and unnatural.

"San Domingo, Hayti, Liberia, Africa—from all these will come object lessons and prophetic warnings, which will rouse the North to the perils of those who indulge in illusions about the negro.

"When it has sunk deep in the minds of the Northen people that nothing keeps the Southern negro from relapsing into barbarism save the example, the discipline, and the driving-power of the whites, they will feel toward the weak, superstitious, lustful, inflammable, dangerous creature just as we do."

I rose to say "Good night," but the aged statesman held me a moment by the hand as was his habit with young people whom he liked. "There was one thing, Mr. Horton, which Toombs said that I endorse."

I was all attention.

"If ever there is another war in this republic it will not be sectional, but social. There is grave danger of bloody strife betwen classes—the too rich and the too poor, the illegally plundered and the lawless plunderers. If ever the masses of the people can be made to understand our system of class-legislation, taxes and finance, there will be trenchant reform or frightful revolution."

As he uttered these words, in his most earnest manner, the old man's eyes blazed with their ancient lustre, and his withered right hand smote its fellow, as it had done in the days when he warned his people not to go out of the Union.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SOUTH.

Miss Georgia Watson Lee,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Miss Lee:

I have just received a letter from you, of course it is stereotyped, but neverless it serves its purpose, and that is to get me to subscribe for your publication namely "The Watsonian" and for which you will find enclosed my remittance for the same for one year, but please date my subscription to begin with the first issue as I want to begin at the beginning. I have the April 1927 issue of your publication, and am well pleased with it and want you to please have the back numbers sent me so as to start with you in this matter.

I have been delaying sending in my subscription ever since you sent me the April number, and so today when I received your letter above mentioned I immediately prepared this letter and enclosed you the money for one year's subscription for your above named publication, and also one dollar for Mr. Watson's book entitled "Hand-Book of Politics and Economics" or Political and Economic Hand-Book" which I see you have advertised in the little pamphlet you enclosed with your letter.

I have quite a number of Mr. Watson's books, but never did get this one, and I desire to have it. You do not know how delighted I was to learn that you had begun a publication like the one you sent me. I have wondered, since the death of Mr. Watson, why some one had not renewed or started something along the line you have regarding the life and publications of such an illustrious man as he was.

I received the publication that he was editing at the time of his death for sometime after he died, but for some reason it failed and I had entirely lost track of anything concerning Mr. Watson, or the things he so manfully stood for and fought for and one might say, died fighting for. I thought that the young man that was with him so long would rise up and try in some sort of a way to perpetuate his memory and ideals, but for some reason I have never heard anything from him since the paper ceased. And where is Mrs. Lytle? God only knows how hard she fought to maintain the Columbia Sentinel, or it seemed that way to me, and she too has disappeared into the mist of oblivion in so far as I know.

Yes by all means I will subscribe for anything that stands for Tom Watson's ideals and aspirations. Only the Great **I AM** knows to what extent the writings and speeches of Thomas E. Watson, have had upon my life and actions. As I recall now the first article that I ever read of his was in a magazine and the article was Planting Corn.

That was posibly twenty-two or three years ago. I was so impressed with the daintily worded article, and the quaintness, and beautiful expression of thought contained therein, that is fascinated me and I begun reading his writings from that time, and have been reading after him even after his death and still linger over some of his writings as the humming bird sucks the nectar from the fragrant flowers,

and nearly always my eyes become moist with tears that are almost irrepressible, and my bosom heaves with a sigh for the pen that will write no more forever.

It brings to mind the tender but mournful lines of the poet:

> "Oh for the clasp of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

His like will never come again, and there has never been another one like him before. I have read quite a lot in my lifetime, and I have never yet read after any one that could in any way approach Mr. Watson. He had a style and manner of writing all his own, and it reached a deeper depth, and ascended to higher heights in my estimation than that of any other author or writer. Of course there are men I have read after that could write fiction possibly better than he could, but for real heart to heart talks, and honest to goodness sincerety, style diction, unction, succintness, depth of thought, and breadth of vision, plainness and understanerable expressions, and above all his manner of grasping and fascinating his reader, has never been in my estimation or observation in any manner approached.

You know that there is an old Proverb that says "Put not your trust in princes". But Tom Watson, as he is familiarly known here is one Prince among men that I used to put my trust in to a greater extent than any other man or woman born. He always and at all times, and under all circumstances, tried to hold his "Rudder True" even though he sometimes failed to reach the goal for which he was striving, and even if he failed to attain the heights for which he so manfully fought to reach, yet he did not fail through any base betrayal of principal, nor for the fear of punishment, nor for the hope of reward.

I never know when and where to quit when I get to talking or writing about Thomas E. Watson, Author, Statesman, Historian, Orator, Scholar, and last but not least a **Gentleman of the Old South**, he is without a peer in my mind in this great country today, and it seemed to me that his going away at the time he did was a great calamity to the whole country, and especially his home State and the entire South that he loved and served so loyally and faithfully.

Pardon this long and possibly tiresome letter. And trusting that you will be successful in your undertaking, and wishing you all the encouragement you can hope to receive from those that loved and honored your great and illustrious grandfather,

I am yours very truly,
W. J. HARBISON.

Columbia, Tenn.

* * * * *

OLD KICK?

The Watsonian,
Thomson, Ga.
Dear Sir:

Please send me a sample copy of the Watsonian. If it has some of the **Old Kick** in it I will gladly send you my subscription.

Yours for success,
E. P. FORD.

Pink Hill, N. C.
Ed note:—Mr Ford subscribed!

* * * * *

Miss Georgia Watson Lee,
Thomson, Georgia.
Dear Madame:

Out of my greatest esteem for your grandfather you may send the Watsonian for one year. The benefit and republication of all he said in one or more volumes would be the greatest contribution to American literature and would be re-read with renewed faith and inspiration by the old guard.

Yours as ever,
Bonifay, Fla. A. W. WEEKS.

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THOMSON, GA.

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THOMSON, GA.

He was a historian of great ability, whose brilliancy and fluency of expression were charming to every reader, and whose accuracy under the circumstances was most astounding. He was a writer of short stories and editorial who has seldom been equaled, and never surpassed, in American Literature. He was a statesman who looked beyond the present hour and fought always for what he believed to be the betterment of mankind. He was an American with the courage of his convictions, and the most relentless toiler I have ever known.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

—From House Memorial Services to Thos. E. Watson,
Representative Rankin of Mississippi